



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.



832 Musée du Luxembourg L'Embouchure de la Loire, par Le Roux

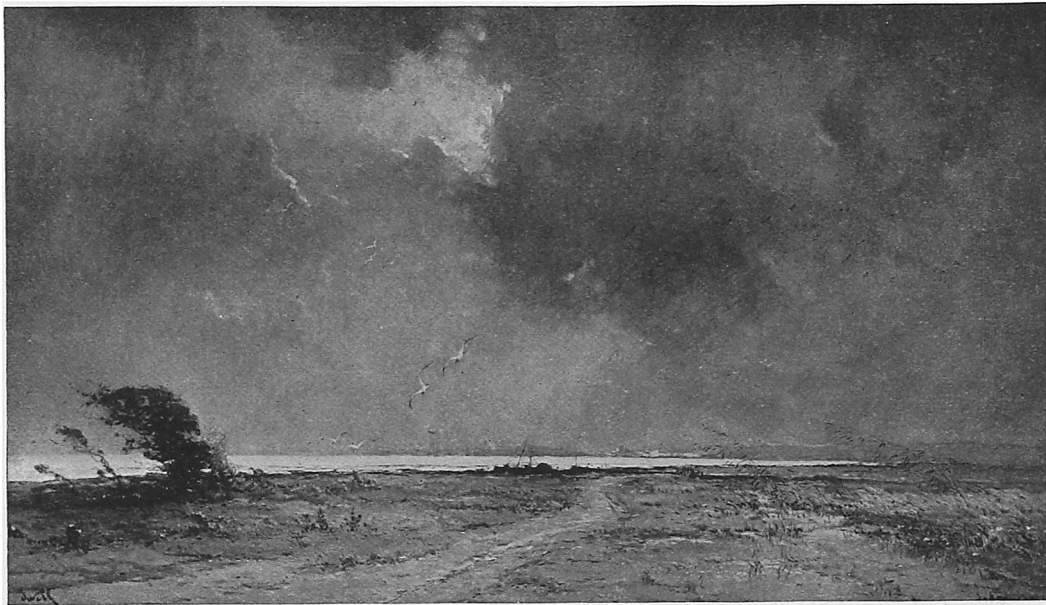
"L'EMBOUCHURE DE LA LOIRE"
By Leroux

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris



Sous les branches
By Alfred Fourie (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris



AVANT L'ORAGE LA HOGUE (PASTEL)
By M. J. Iwill (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris.

The Luxembourg Museum and Its Treasures

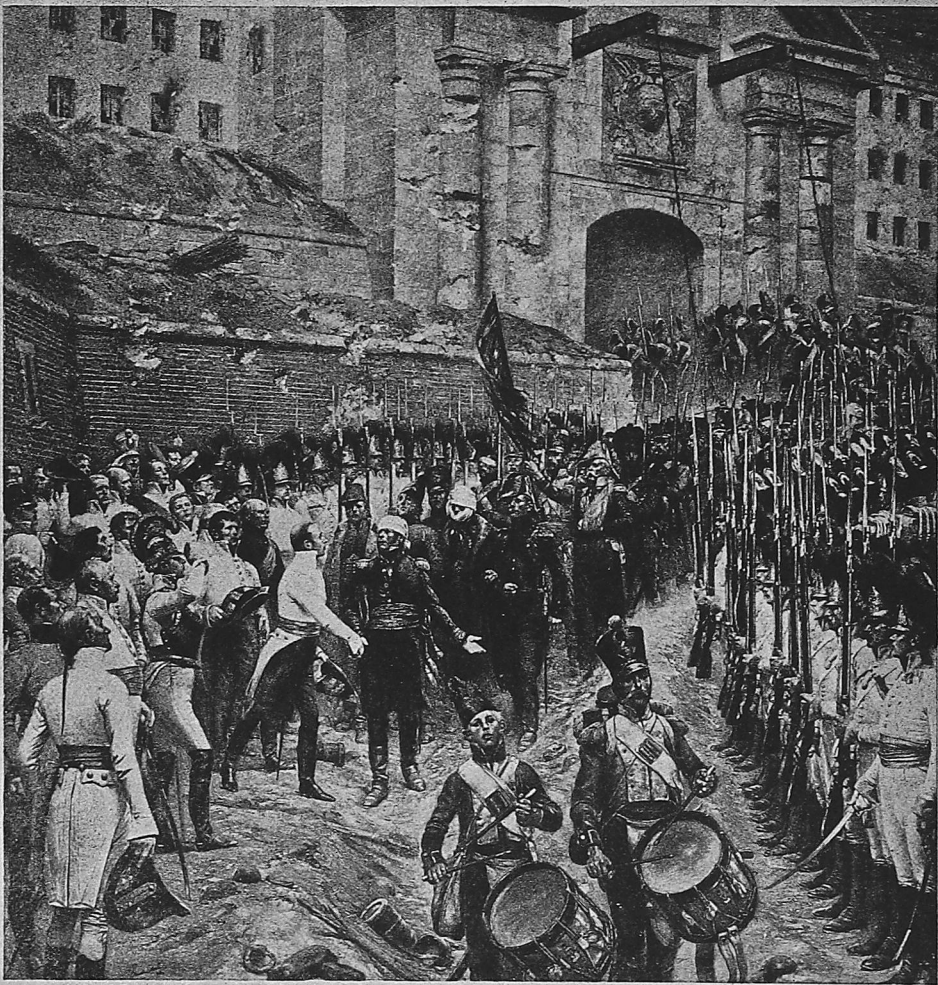
By CHARLES LOUIS BOURGMEYER
(Chapter I)

PERHAPS the most popular museums in the world are the National Museums of the Louvre, Luxembourg and Petit Palais. The art objects displayed in these treasure houses largely reflect the current artistic taste of the world, if they do not actually fashion it, for it is here that one sees the daily throng of cosmopolitan visitors, and the chances are that many a man takes his art cue for life from these collections. If you doubt this, spend a day in the galleries of the Luxembourg or Petit Palais, and you will see pass before you throngs of the decent, solid people of the world. Now and then one sees a man full of excitement over the loveliness of a picture, new to him; he has lost all trace of self-consciousness; his eyes sparkle with appreciation. That man is having a pleasure beyond the value of money. If, by passing on my notes, I can aid a few of my fellow beings to this pleasure, or arouse in

them the ambition to seriously study these collections, or any others near home, I shall feel a little less egotistical in putting in print the thoughts that have come to me on my many visits to Paris.

Bear in mind that these are not the reflections of an artist, an art dealer or an art critic, but of one of the many plain people who seeks for some little additional enjoyment from life. We all know that satisfying pleasure comes from within and that outward stimulants fail at last, whether they be of drink, sensational theatres, risque novels, or games of chance; and, that only the pleasures which come from mental activity endure. Enjoyment comes largely through the use of the power of admiration. We enjoy ourselves before the beauties of nature, before a work of art, listening to music, or in imagining the life of other times and countries.

Many have attempted to put the general



SURRENDER OF HUNINGUE

(AUGUST 20TH 1815)

public in possession of facts to increase the appreciation and pleasure of looking at pictures. Many, lured by their evident love and enjoyment of art, have tried their hands at its interpretation; and yet it cannot be said that any interpretation has obtained general acceptance or recognition. Never was there a subject so evidently waiting for interpretation, and yet never was there a question in regard to which critics are more hopelessly disagreed.

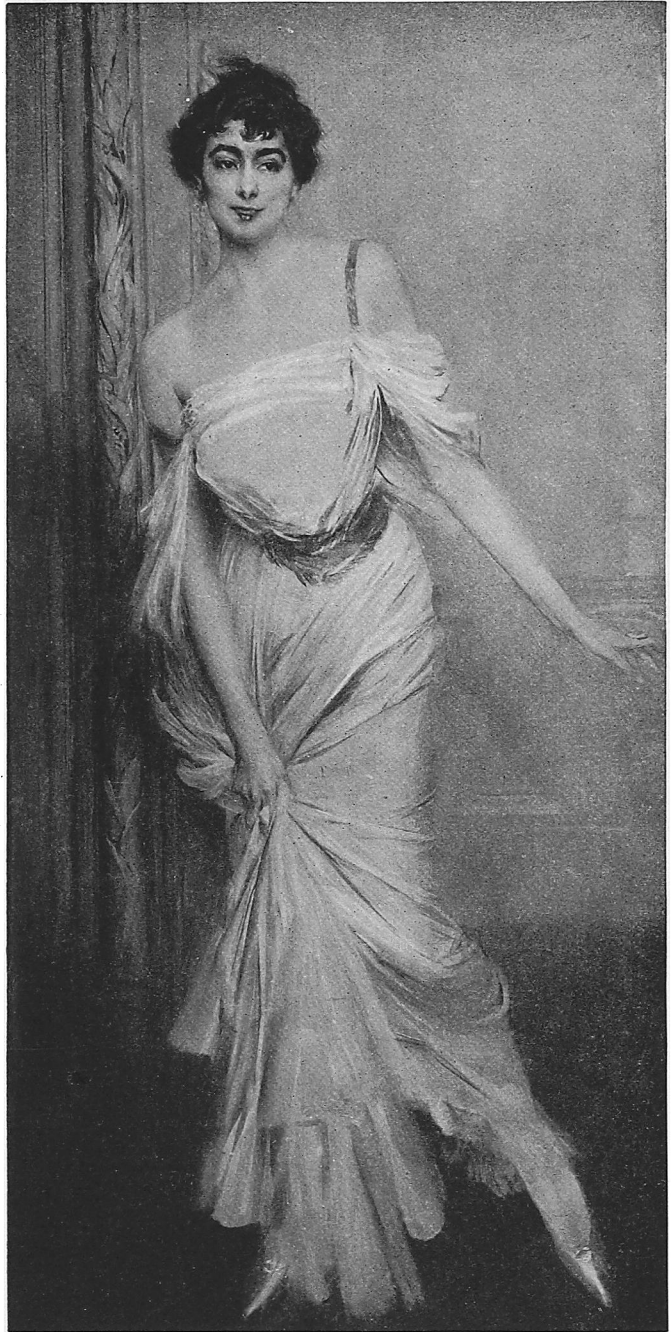
The interest that we attach to modern art arises from the suggestions it may give of visions and thoughts unknown to us—the revelations it may contain, and the ambitions it may incite. Hence the live appeal made by museums whose works are collected from every land. This appeal may be but temporary, since no one can foresee the verdict of the future on these very canvases as, whatever may be our present views, they are subject to constant eliminations of error.

Art is changeable—it is altered every day, every minute—it is never complete. It has a horror of clear and precise definitions, and whenever a rule or doctrine is laid down with clearness and logic, that rule is immediately involved in an endless discussion by the ambiguity with which it is applied.

A great work of art, like nature itself, is never at any given point, or at any given moment, a completed fact. In times of old the masters' expressions of art tallied exactly with their surroundings, their society and their period. Those were times of comparative leisure; they did not do their work as if it were the performance of a duty or the accomplishment and "finishing off of a job"; therefore their work never confronts us as the end of a serious fact. All art is spontaneous and should never be reduced to a thing of fact; for a fact is a thing accomplished, a thing done, and nothing further can be expected from it.

The progress of art rests with its eternal changes. When in art we are satisfied, dry rot sets in much as in actual life. Take as an example life under the Roman Empire—its monotonous routine everywhere, its monotonous architecture, in it we find an emblem of its life as it then existed. The old theatres, the triumphal arches, the temples, wherever they are found, are of the accepted Roman type, unaltered and unaffected by any local suggestion. They were facts accomplished and mark the deterioration of art under the Roman Empire.

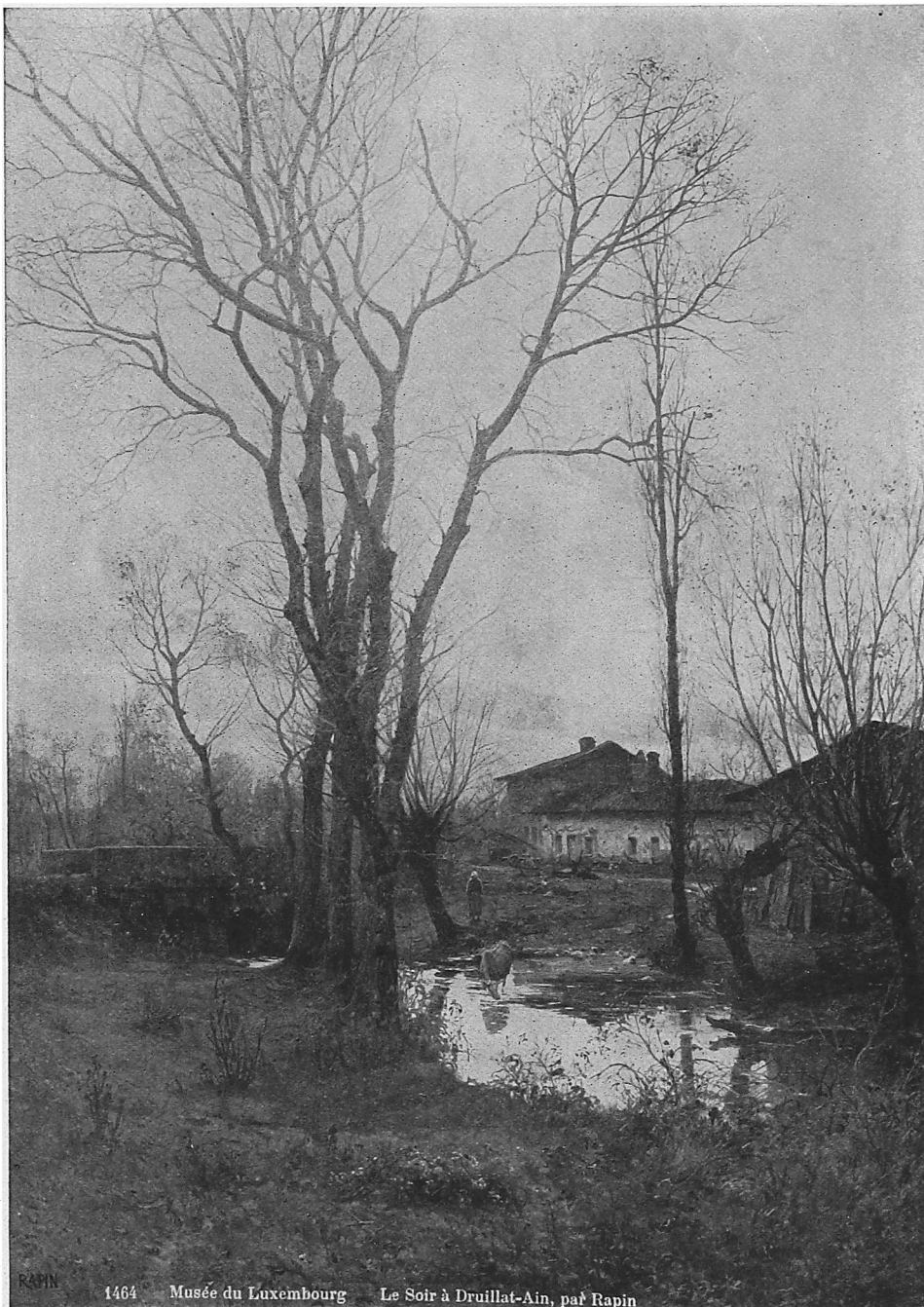
Art can be found in the poorest, as well as the best works; there can never be a standard—this is what people often try to do, standardize art. It becomes academic as soon as it is fixed; it is stationary, and can not be



PORTAIT DE FEMME
By Jean Boldini (Italian)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

changed. The sun comes up every day, and the air between it and ourselves is always different. Art is like a breath, it is always changing. Art is never consumptive like a man who has poor lungs. The leaves of the



LE SOIR A DRUILLAT (AIN)
By Alexandre Rapin (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

trees are never alike; neither are human beings.

In America, the American, through his great adaptability, has a habit of absorbing everything that makes for betterment, whether it be in empire building, the making of railroads, or pictures. We take the Latin, the Oriental or the Slav, and by the power that America wields over all newcomers, so change him that he ceases being Latin, Oriental or Slav, and becomes American. So it is with our arts. We are picking and choosing what best suits us and rolling and changing it into one interesting, but constantly altering, whole. We find among our American artists a very fair understanding of general culture. When they come in contact with artists of European training they take from them that which seems good to them; but, through it all, retain a certain vigor, freshness and personal note that is making the artists abroad take notice. Our danger, however, lies in giving the war whoop

for American art and giving it for American art only.

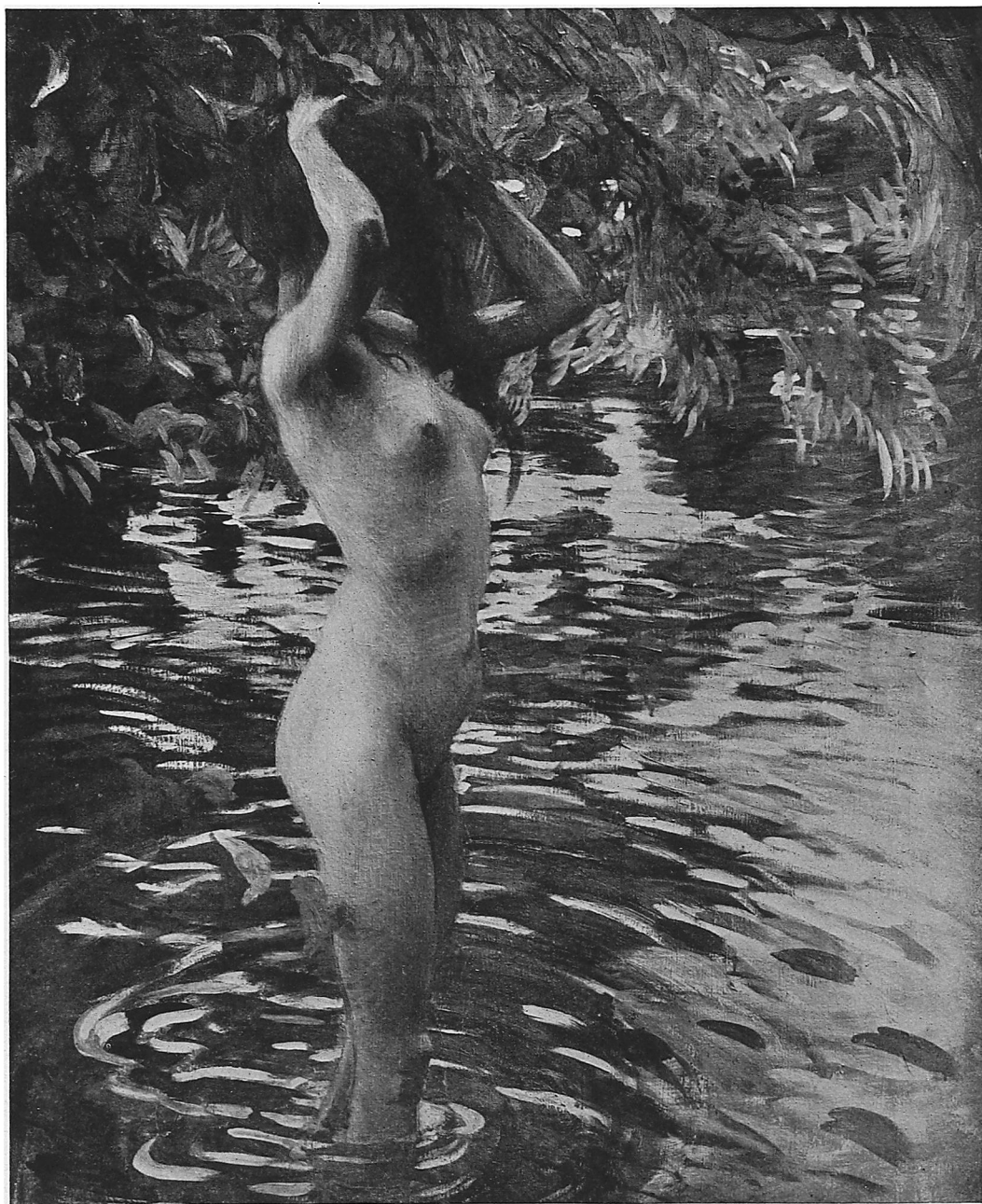
Strangely enough, it is because of this very cosmopolitan influence in art in France this "Liberty, Fraternity and Equality," followed by the officials of the Beaux Arts, and by the selecting and hanging juries of their great Salons that the works of artists of the whole world are exposed at the French exhibitions, and that for ages France has exerted the most powerful influence in all questions of art.

Whatever is the course pursued by the Administration des Beaux Arts in France, whether the works exhibited in their museums are the result of the general policy or of the personal taste of such men as M. Léonce Bénédict and M. Lăpauze who are at the head of the Luxembourg and Petit Palais, one thing is certain, all claims except the trivial have been considered. This broad attitude towards art, art of the entire world, does not, it is true, make for advance-



CHIOGGIA
By Ettore Tito (Italian)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris



LE BAIN
By Ettore Tito (Italian)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

ment in any particular school, but it is valuable as marking the progress in universal art. This cosmopolitanism adds to the irresistible attraction of the French museums. To see one of our own countrymen's pictures there is like unexpectedly seeing a familiar face in some out-of-the-way corner of the earth. At

the Luxembourg we are represented by a dozen or more Americans of whom we shall speak from time to time. As Whistler's "Mother," Sargent's "Carmencita" or Harrison's "In Arcadia" greet us, so is the Italian greeted by his beloved Venice, and the Englishman by his "Afternoon Tea."

In the Luxembourg the pictures are, roughly speaking, by living men. Some few, like Cabanel, Baudry, Rosa Bonheur, Chaplin, Daumier, Lepage, Ricard, and Ribot, have been kept there many years after their death, but the usual routine is for the picture to go to the Louvre after ten years have passed. It is a dangerous passage, however, for more are lost en route than arrive safely. Those lost often turn up later at provincial museums, a truly polite way of saying they are not quite worthy of the supreme honor of hanging in the Louvre. To enter the Luxembourg is the greatest public honor possible to a living artist, and most artists would die willingly if thereby they might enter the Louvre after ten years.

We must see an artist's work through the artist's eye just as we must listen to music through the musician's ear. The more we learn to do this, the more pleasure will we receive from both art and nature. Then, too, to enjoy nature, or art, you must look at them as at outward objects through your own self; that is, your mind. Probably this is the reason why so many men, among them many Americans, stop before the works of Edouard

Detaille—"Surrender of Huningue" and "The Army's Dream." It was puzzling at first to account for this interest until I realized that the Frenchmen saw there a part of their own experiences, and the man from home, wearing a Grand Army or a Loyal Legion button, understood the pictures through his own experience. Not being a soldier, I looked upon them rather coldly as works of art, until one day a friend, another American, and I, were two of a great multitude to watch an army pass by. It was after the reception of a foreign king that the troops came tramping down the avenue. There were heavy Dragoons and Cuirassiers on majestic chargers; there were light Chasseurs and Lancers, on fleet horses; there was the clanking of steel, and the flash of helmets through the dust. In the distance bobbed the tasseled fez of the bronzed Zouave and the fighting cap of the Infantry. With the steady beat of the march, the red pantaloons passed on, the bands played and feet and hearts lifted to the thrilling notes of "Chant du Depart," the "Mourir pour la Patrie," or the march of the "Sambre et Meuse." Cavalry, infantry, cannon—on they came; and as we looked down upon the gal-



CAIN
By Fernand Cormon

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

lant, moving sea of color, upon the stream of gleaming bayonets, of champing horses, of lumbering artillery, the women waved their greeting to these passing soldiers of France, but the men's eyes singled out the Tricolor and the Regimental standards, and saluting, would cling to this or that standard till it was lost in the street beyond.

Imagine, if you can, the thoughts of these men—soldiers all (for in France every boy must become a soldier)—as they saluted the standard of their regiment. Were they thinking of the leave-taking with their regiment—of companions in arms who perhaps they might never see again? Were they thinking of their wintry marches, of the misery and stubborn heroism in war of the suffering? Among these reservists were many, very many, men of whom France may well be proud. As we looked down upon them there came over us a feeling of great respect, a feeling that in these one-time soldiers France can find men at a moment's call to serve again their Fatherland; and while we were not Frenchmen, our sympathies, our pride, our hopes for France are stirred; and we, as they, saluted the Tricolor and the army's standards—we citizens of another Republic saluted the soldiers of France. Returning to the Luxembourg we looked upon these two pictures with what was in our minds and saw a little through Detaille's eyes, and a little through the feelings of the old soldiers.

This is the story that the "*Surrender of Huningue*" tells, painted by *Edward Detaille*. In 1815 General Barbanègre, with one hundred and thirty-five men, held out against twenty-five thousand Austrians. Even after the trenches were open this brave handful of men withstood the attack for twelve days. Archduke John, the leader of the Austrians, in recognition of their bravery, allowed the fifty remaining men to surrender with all the honors of war. It is the actual surrender that Detaille has painted. The drummers, two only, a veteran and a mere boy, come first, playing their instruments with all their might. Then General Barbanègre touching the victorious general's hand and pointing to his brave band of heroes, who come marching

proudly forth in spite of bandaged wounds. There are artillerymen, infantry, custom-house officers, gendarmes and servants, all in ragged, tattered uniforms, carrying their arms, and the flag they have fought for now in shreds. These create a dramatic contrast to the Austrian general's staff and soldiers, with their exquisitely spotless white uniforms.

As a historical work of art, this picture is brilliant, for in its clear and expressive way it conveys to the spectator the last act of a heroic drama. None can look upon it without being impressed by the action and truth of the character portrayed. The colors of the bricks in the walls, the grey tones of the battered ramparts, the colors of the earth, the whites and reds and blacks of the uniforms, blend with each other, or create the contrast required. All are in harmony and the whole is a unity.

BOLDINI, JEAN (Italian) — "*Portrait de femme*."

There is something about Boldini's portraits that suggests a malicious vein in the man, as if he were inwardly scoffing or playing jokes with his sitters. Not knowing the gentleman personally, I may be and probably am wrong, but it seems strange that most of his portraits leave me with the feeling that one has when a companion is being subtly made fun of and not conscious of it. His women are charming women, of the feverish, frantic type, long, svelte, serpentine, aristocratic creatures, sheathed in their dresses of mauve or silvered black, and stretched in length like fashion plates of the most pronounced styles.

Boldini's sitters appear to be men and women of temperament; they lack the repose of the old masters and have the restlessness of the people of our own times. This not only applies to his sitters, but to his brush work, which, while it is by no means brutal or violent, has the appearance of having been swiftly and easily painted. He sees things from above, and this gives an effect of prospective which exaggerates the movement. He is mannered and his violent oppositions of color produce a deafening impression. Boldini has a rather fair color for interiors and has kept his people in it. He has also depth and bril-

liancy.

FOURIE, ALFERT (French)—"*Sous les Branches.*"

Its incisive color attracts and holds our attention. There is a harmony of the whole. We might question whether the fawn color of the hair and the red of the flesh tints should present such strong effects as the picture maintains. Of course, in studying this work we must not lose sight of the fact that the lady is lying down in the full sunshine of out-of-doors.

RAPIN, ALEXANDRE (French)—"*Le Soir à Druillat (Ain).*"

The color effect is overdone and it makes it monotonous. Everything in it is too heavy and its general dark, dull color has a greenish leaden quality, especially when it is compared with other surrounding works. It lacks life, vibrancy, snap.

TITO, ETTORE (Italian) — "*Chioggia*" — "*Le Bain.*"

Tito was born at Castellamare du Stabia (near Naples), in 1860. Practically all his life has been spent at Venice. Since 1883, when his picture, "Morning at the Lido," exhibited at Rome, attracted considerable attention, he has grown in popularity, until today he is regarded as perhaps the most popular of the living artists in Italy. "Chioggia" is filled with sunlight—sunlight as it is seen in Venice, and, indeed, in all Italy. It covers everything in this picture; it fairly sparkles and glitters. The bright blue sky and the sea off in the distance unite to make this a very realistic scene. Although "Chioggia" itself is dull enough, we see here the true movement and motion of the Venetians. The human figures in this little canvas are really alive. They are so full of movement that the child in the lower right-hand corner, carrying a pail of water, seems literally to approach us.

In "*Le Bain*," also by Tito, he has united all the qualities of the impressionists with fine

form, a delicious but *plein air*, of freshness and exquisite youthfulness. The naked body fairly glows with the light and warmth of the sun and makes a singularly happy contrast with the water. Tito portrays the common



1408 Musée du Luxembourg Femme à la Rose, par La Gandara
 PORTRAIT OF M^{lle}. FOUQUIER PINNING ON A ROSE
 By Antonio LaGandara (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris



LE TROUPEAU A LA MARE
By Gaston Guignard

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

people, in whom he takes a special interest; he paints rapidly, broadly and realistically, and does not over-finish. At times he lacks depth and brilliancy, giving a flat condition. Tito's neutrals are not intense in any one way technically, but he is very clever in brush performance.

CORMON, FERNAND—"Cain."

The painter of events of the heroic and biblical ages, of the Iron Age, of Prehistoric Man, presents for our consideration his affecting "Cain." This was exposed at the Salon of 1880 and broke from all traditional Cains. The picture is very impressive, for it is instinct with an intensely biblical feeling. It represents Cain and his trembling band around the litter in intense dejection. Warriors, old and young, form a despairing group, and one can imagine the misery and untold agony of these men of by-gone times, as they hasten forward in that dreary, dry, parched, and barren waste of arid Judea, carrying the litter on which sits the old mother with two sleeping children pressed against her limbs. The dusty, sandy soil of the desert, the sun-forsaken sky, the painful

knowledge of the brutal tragedy just enacted, accent the impression of solitude and sadness. There is a touch of the melodramatic hardly to be expected from the simplicity of the scene. This picture once seen is not easily forgotten.

LA GANDARA, ANTONIO (French)—*Portrait of Mlle. Fouquier pinning on a rose.*

This is elegant, distinguished and out-Whistlers Whistler, but fails in forceful, brilliant, resisting color. In this particular portrait he has undoubtedly painted a woman of the world, dressed probably in the very height of the fashion of the moment; but his selection of color has been poor. There is a poverty of color which the beauty of form and design cannot overcome; there is altogether too much brown in the clothes. Brown is the color of poverty. On the stage the poor, but honest heroine dons brown, while this woman is too forceable for that sort of dress and pose. Look at her fingers. Evidently she has a manicure for each hand; she seems to say to you, "I'm the best ever; I'm it!" He fails also to put something under the garments, and this is

rather essential, however harmonious the color of those garments may be.

GUIGNARD, GASTON—"Le Troupeau à la Mare."

Guignard has, as an animal painter, taken the lead amongst the artists in this kind of painting. No one paints sheep better than he; and no one knows their bizarre attitudes, their habitual poses, better than he. The garlanded sheep, and red-skirted shepherdesses of Boucher are not his style. He is rustic and wishes to be. The landscape is very attractive, full of life and joy.

COTTET, CHARLES (French)—"*The Farewell Repast—Those Who Remain—Those Who Are Gone.*"

This triptych is one of the Luxembourg's most popular works. It is a most impressive and characteristic study of the people of Brittany, for Cottet, who is one of the strongest and most personal of artists, has not only observed these fishermen, their wives and their families, but he has observed them with sym-

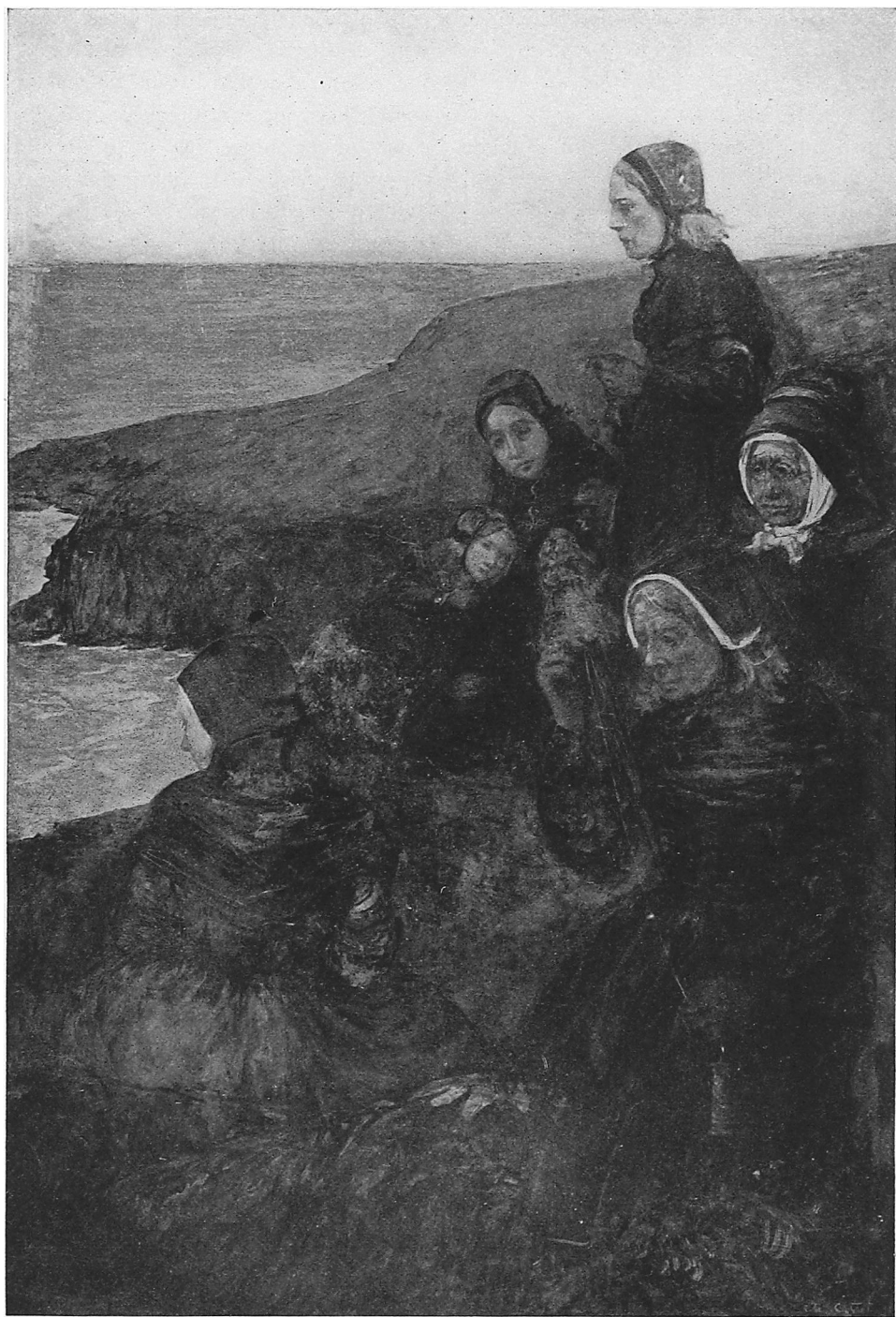
pathy; he has found their lives hard, somber, with death ever near. So his colors are not the colors squeezed from the tubes, but the colors that represent them psychologically; the colors of the things they themselves know, the grey and brown of their bread, the dirty white of ham, and the grey of the fish they eat. In the yellows and other colors of the walls are the colors of the rocks outside, and the color of the sea. Somewhat somber all this, and yet an extreme variety of shades may be found in his blacks, whites and greys. In the center, the "Farewell Repast" is spread upon a table around which several families are seated in the strong light of a hanging lamp; old and wrinkled men and women, younger women and younger men, a beautiful child on a mother's lap. The faces of all are serious, for the hour of separation has arrived. A fisherman rises slowly, for he is no longer young, and raises his glass in token of adieu. The emotion in the faces of the others is plainly visible, as they look up from his right



1483 Musée du Luxembourg Au Pays de la Mer, l'Adieu, par Cottet

THE FAREWELL REPAST
By Charles Cottet (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris



THOSE WHO REMAIN
By Charles Cotter (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

and left. This long horizontal line prolonged on either side, frames in the scene imposingly. Through the long window at his back the sea appears in the soft evening light.

"Those Who Remain." The Breton women, mothers, wives, children, somberly dressed, wearing their Breton caps, are left alone. Their hearts are filled with dreadful memories and forebodings of dismay. They have given themselves up to anxious thought; the sea hard by enhances the impression of silence, solitude and forlornness, as, in the twilight, they look for the return of

"Those Who Are Gone." In this men are seated upon the deck of a large fishing boat—men with tanned skin burnt by the sun and furrowed by the wind and salt of the water of the sea. Short, harsh and iron-grey hair, eyes alert, bright and undimmed—even the clothes they wear match the scene and the people, for they are coarse, hard worn and stern.

The paintings are as thorough in execution as in conception and are regarded as not only one of the best of Cottet's, but one of the best of this generation's works. They thrill and awaken the spectator and leave a long echo.

SCATTOLA, FERRUCCIO (Italian)—"*Claire de lune à S. Gianignano.*"

Ferruccio Scattola cannot be understood from a superficial glance, since you must place yourself in touch with the spirit and emotion with which he was animated when he painted this City of the Dead, for Scattola's art lies beyond its forms and rests on its aesthetic and spiritual quality. He does not fail in his technique, for in this picture he has represented its buildings and towers with great solidity, but prefers to please his own spirituality, in translating the emotion he felt before this subject, rather than represent the scene coldly and accurately.

The strong impression he received in the moonlight transformed this ancient and historical city, with its crumbling walls, to a city animated with medieval spirit and life. A transparent sky, with a moon hidden from sight, forms strong shadows. The city is very still and there is a wonderful feeling of peace and quiet in the evening air. Looking out

upon the vast expanse of ancient towers and timeworn roofs, we are transplanted to the past. There is given to our perhaps vague historical knowledge a clearness of vision, and breadth of character quite new, intensely enjoyable. As we look down upon this sincerely painted scene, filled with its wonderful light, the stars scintillating here and there above, the golden gleams of lamplight sending their glow from below the lustrous roofs, and the towers in between, we fully appreciate the artist's great individuality and his poetical vision.

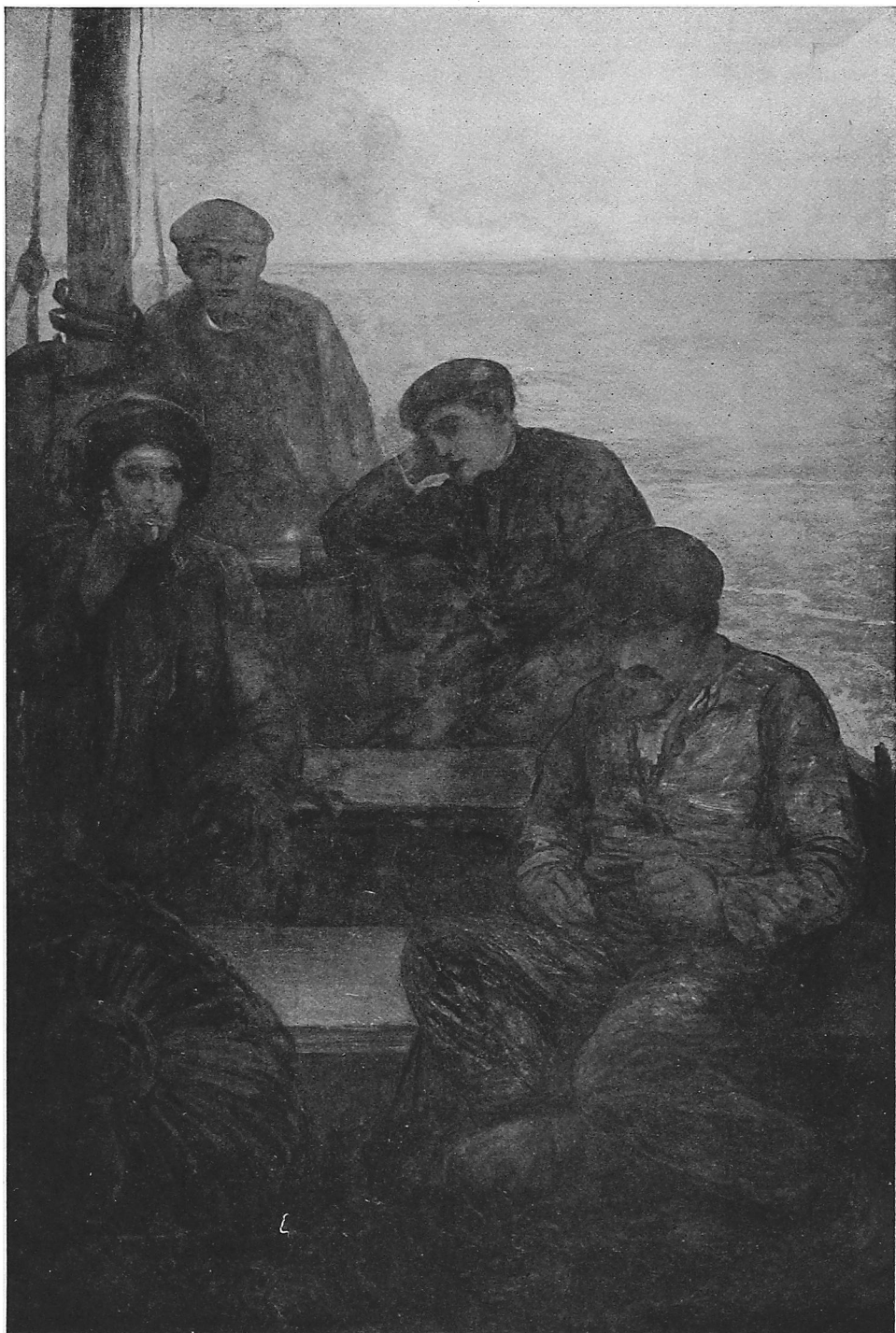
LE SIDANER, H. E. (French)—"*La Table.*"

Le Sidaner owes much to Manet and was among the first to declare the utility of impressionistic teaching, from which he has profited. He has a very original way of blotting the outline of things and making them harmonize mysteriously in hazy sunlight or twilight. This indulgence of his fancy for misty monochromes gives the effect of seeing things through a dulled window. At times his works are intense in color and his general tones almost glowing.

His choice of subject grows a little monotonous possibly. It seems strange that he himself does not rebel at the constant repetition of tables with lamps lighted, gardens with reflected light upon the walls, shrubbery, flowers, trees and walks, but there is this to say about his subjects: His interiors seem inhabited by the spirit of the absent. The dessert on the table attends the one who will eat it. This art possesses a very subtle secret, that of showing the invisible and suggesting more than it says. His works at the Luxembourg are of his usual subjects; one an interior with a table, and the other a garden with a table.

HAMILTON, J. McCLURE (American)—"*Portrait of Mr. Gladstone.*"

In this portrait the force, the impressiveness, the qualities that made Mr. Gladstone the great figure of his time are missing. The modeling is faithfully done, but the distinction is not there. Compare this work with the portrait of Mr. Gladstone by Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy which appeared in the *Fine Arts Journal* December, 1911, issue, or the sketch by the same artist taken in a very similar at-



THOSE WHO ARE GONE
By Charles Cottet (French)

—*Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris*

titude, in January, 1912, issue, and the reader will understand at once my meaning.

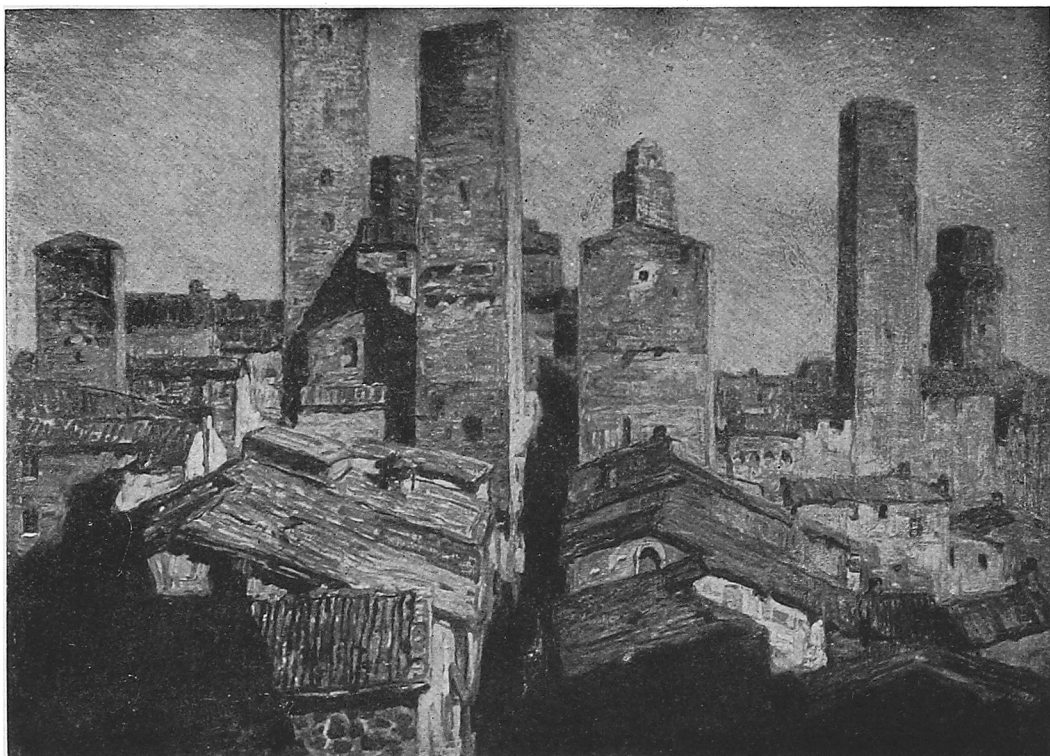
DINET, A. E.—"*L'esclave d'Amour et Lumière des yeux.*"

Dinet's pictures are always learned, thoughtful, superior work. Nothing is left to chance or to the happy hazard of the brush. On the other hand, there is no academic coldness. He has made himself the painter-in-chief of the people of native races in their native surroundings. Some critics say we have but one real orientalist today worthy of the name, and he is M. Dinet. He is a wonderful colorist. In "*L'esclave d'Amour*" is a convincing epitome of one side of Mohammedan life. The picture has movement and life, energetic intensity and sensuality. The dark lascivious girl of the East, just budding into womanhood, retains the playfulness of a child. The dull and stolid face is transformed and illuminated by love, as the lighting of a candle within a lantern brings forth an illuminating radiance.

In "*Le Lendemain du Ramadhan*" he shows another side—the religious. Here is a group of Moslems just before prayer. As Lucien Simon's Procession represents Christians or avowed adherents of Christianity, the worship of the Crucifix, of Mary and the Saints, so we see here men of the Mohammedan world and religion, Moslems, with their deep-rooted belief that the religion of the Christian is essentially idolatrous. We see in this throng humble and down-trodden men, grand in their simplicity of faith; others with the half-threatening look of the fanatic.

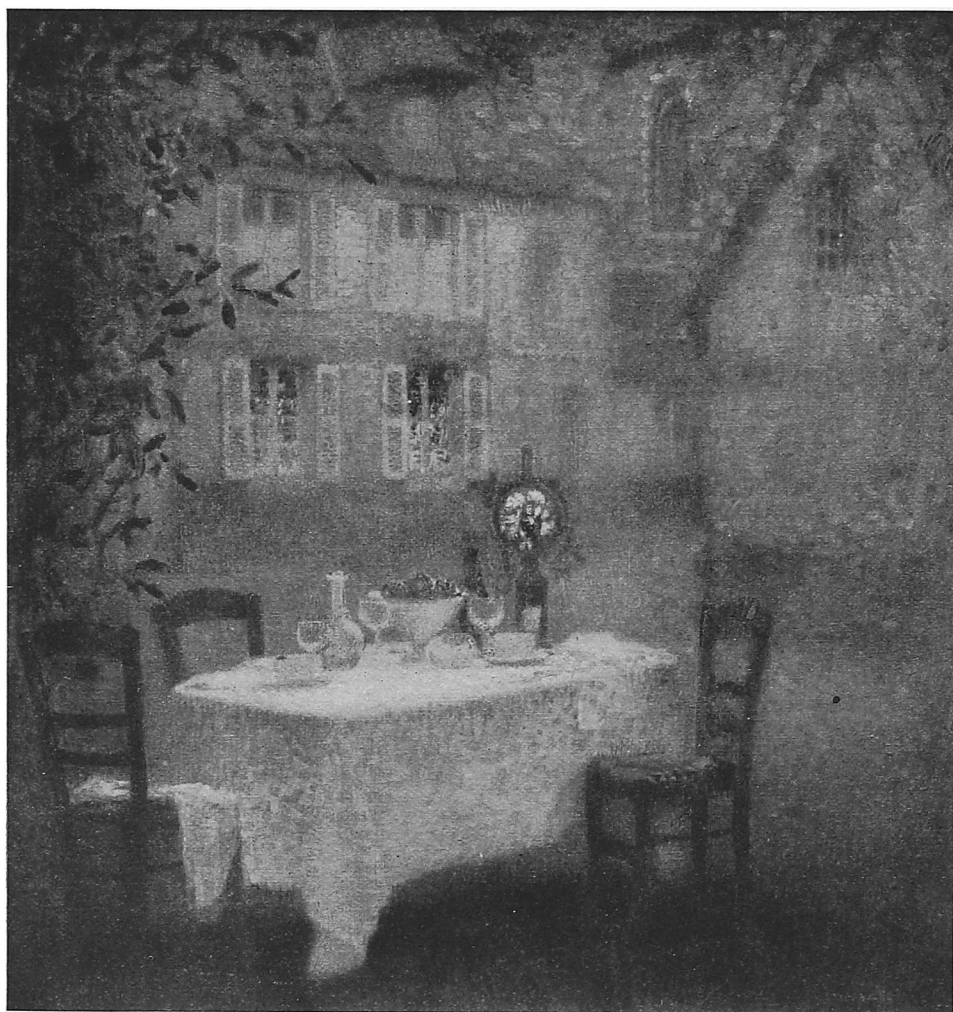
WILLAERT, FERDINAND (Belgian)—"*Entree de Beguinage à Gand.*"

The colors in this reposeful work are softly luminous—they are the colors of winter. The light and the shadows cast by the various objects across the barren ground are all those of winter. The colors, the light, the shadows and the garments worn by the sisters are in perfect accord, in complete harmony. There is not a note of discord in this quiet interpre-



CLAIRE DE LUNE A. S. GIANIGNANO
By Ferruccio Scattola (Italian)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris



LA TABLE
By H. E. Le Sidaner (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

tation of decorous, orderly and half-segregated convent life. It affords an example of perfect balance, painted with masculine force and rare strength, but without a trace of the coarseness into which such strength is often betrayed.

IWILL, M. J. (French)—“*Avant l'orage, la Hogue* (Pastel).”

Iwill's observation is sincere, unforced; the drawing very correct, though free; and the color, although mostly in the greys, is bold and strong. On a canvas of moderate dimensions he has concentrated the uproarous, deafening wind and turmoil of a sudden storm along the shores of Normandy, off Cherbourg. The

gale in a fiendish whirl lashes the waves of the sea into a fury. Stunted trees and shrubs flap and smack the air. Over it all, swept by the wind from the sea, broods a somber sky, where glide great clouds twisted by the wind. On the dunes, a bush bends, moved by the tempest, and loses its last leaves, while a ray of sun lights the horizon. It is the feeling of movement that adds to the attraction of this picture. It might have been desolately beautiful had all been tranquil; but as a woman with fluttering skirts and wind-blown hair attracts by the feeling of vibrant life, so this picture with its movement of the sea, trees and clouds, attracts us. There is air every-

where, of course. I will always give air and space to breathe in; he seems to feel more than most that air is as necessary to art as to life.

LORIMER, JOHN HENRY (Scotch)—"*Fete de Grand Mère Bénédicite.*"

An actual scene, although the artist has cleverly bent it to his needs. About a table, laden with all the dainties little ones delight in, are seated a group of lovely children to celebrate the birthday of their grandmother. Well selected figures, in the background, ready to serve the goodies, attract our attention, but the real delight of the artist is found in the problem of contrasted light and shadow as well as the analysis of the light itself, as, falling from the lamp, it floods the table and all within its field.

WEERTZ, JEAN JOSEPH (French)—"*Mort de Joseph Bara.*"

Bara, the boy hero of the Revolution, who

refused to cry *Vive le Roi!* to save his life and was consequently basely killed by the Chouans, was one of the national heroes much in vogue a few years ago. His tragic death was painted, he was sculptured lying nude after his murder, and much was written about him. The painting is rather theatrical, and therefore not very effective.

Still clinging to the reins of his two frightened horses, the heroic little Hussar in his red jacket and sky blue cape, raises his shako crying "*Vive la République!*" The people, enemies of the army, assail him; one at the right is about to disembowel him by a thrust of his scythe. I was told that this picture was refused at the Salon. Lèopold, late King of Belgium, in order to give friendly comfort to the artist, sent a Rubens to the Salon the following year; that was also refused. It sounds like a familiar story newly applied.



LA TABLE (INTERIOR)
By H. E. Le Sidaner (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris



L'ESCLAVE D'AMOUR ET LUMIERE DES YEUX
By A. E. Dinet

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

WHISTLER, JAMES MACNEIL (American)—
"Portrait of His Mother."

It is not always easy to fully understand Whistler's painting, even when one keenly relishes their strange and subtle charm, but his rare originality redeems everything. It is admitted that the "Portrait of His Mother" in the Luxembourg, and that of Carlyle at Edinborough, and perhaps the "Girl in White," are the finest of his works. They are among those the most easily understood.

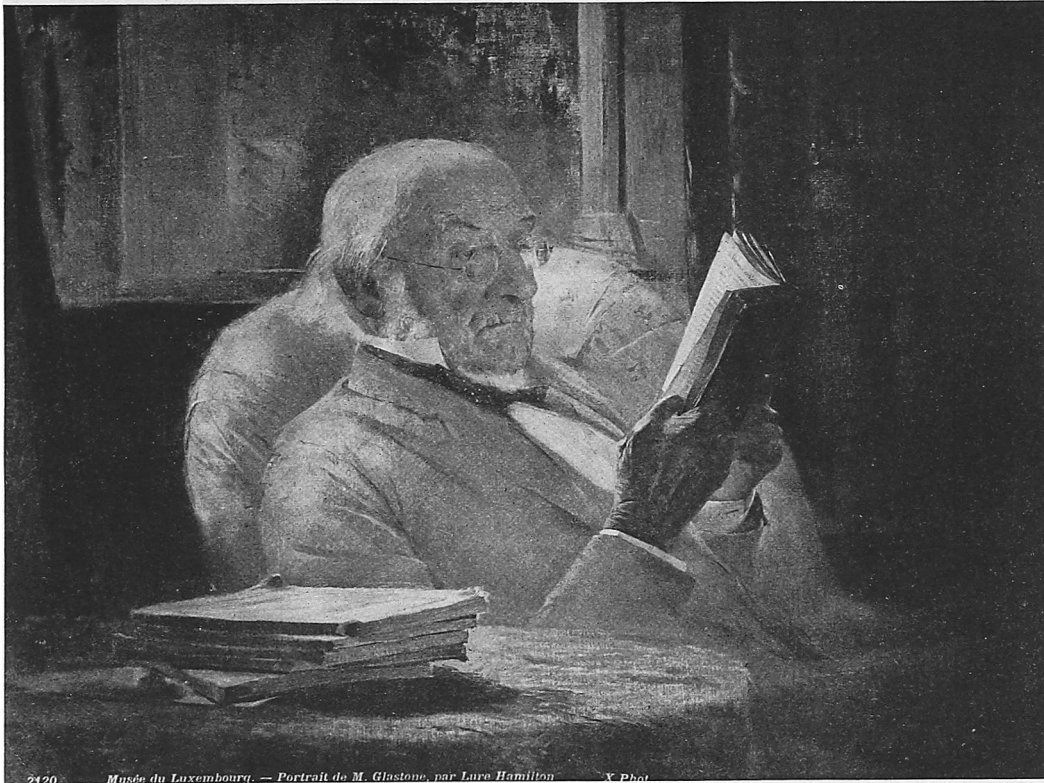
"The Portrait of His Mother" is a portrait of all motherhood, and appeals to us through our own ideal of motherhood. She sits wonderfully poised, entirely in profile. The austere face is framed by bands of hair; her eyes are gravely fixed while she thinks of the son who is painting her. Dark-eyed and tender, rather wistful, it is the face with which he has been familiar from childhood—the woman who has been the light of his life, his mother. The far-off eyes in the dear face have dwelt mistily upon him again and again, and no one

knows better than he all this face holds. It is the face of a woman who has lived a very beautiful, a very unselfish life. Her hair severely neat and gray adds a touch of great dignity, the soft and beautiful expression is full of sincerity, kindness and possibly of admiration for her boy. The face, tender, shining with the wistful light of a hope, pure and high, makes the portrait immortal. The artificial in the painter has melted away before the touch of deference, of courtesy, of devotion, almost of humility so strange sounding when applied to this great fighter.

Mother and son are together; they are soul to soul, and the result is all truth, all beauty—a work for all eternity. His brush, prompted by his heart, has spoken out of its own unfathomable depths, and we stand before his mother, in mysterious awe.

KNAUS, LUDWIG (German)—*"La Promenade."*

In the public gardens, coming toward us, is a nurse holding by the hand a little girl



2420. Musée du Luxembourg. — Portrait de M. Gladstone, par J. McClure Hamilton
 PORTRAIT OF MR. GLADSTONE
 By J. McClure Hamilton (American)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris



LE LENDEMAIN DU RAMADHAN
By A. E. Dinet

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

who drags a musical toy by a string. Following them is a negro groom carrying their shawls and umbrella. At the right, at the feet of a statue of a faun, is seated a group of nurses working and talking in the shade. Knaus enjoys the distinction of being accepted by Germany as her chief painter of genre.

FANTIN-LATOURE, HENRI—"Un Atelier aux Batignolles."

Fantin-Latour was an intimate friend of Whistler and in 1870 they visited Belgium, Holland and Germany together. He spent many years at the Louvre copying the old masters and acquired a thorough knowledge of their methods, but preserved his individuality. In copying he sought for more than the production of an exact transcript, and external imitation of the original and rendered the copy as he thought the original had appeared before age had darkened it. Unconsciously in these efforts he added much of his

individual sentiment to the copies, which made them acceptable to many museums scattered around the world. Later on his allegories on musical subjects were really his homage to Wagner, Berlioz, Brahms and other composers. In these inspirations he translated his dreams, showing himself an admirable poet of color, and in design nothing could be clearer and simpler.

Often simple groups of women, of bathers, of nymphs, of the mythological divinities of the North. They are always thrilling apparitions in delicious harmony. The allegory is in these dream figures. The expression, conception and execution are absolutely complete. Nothing could be more reposeful, more richly brilliant, without noise or fuss, more sumptuous than some of his pictures.

As a portraitist and painter of flower studies, Fantin-Latour was peculiarly fortunate. In the "*Atelier aux Batignolles*" Manet

is seen sitting before an easel in the act of painting, surrounded by a group of artists and writers, the men who defended his art and those whom his art had influenced. Among them were Emil Zola, Claude Monet, Renoir, Baille, Artruc and others. Of course there never was a Batignolles school; it was a derisive nickname applied to the group by the boulevard critics.

Note the simplicity and ease with which these masters have been grouped in Manet's studio. There is nothing here which irritates or is assertive—nothing over-brilliant, but one feels at once the artist's exceptional power of observation and interpretation. The attractiveness and interest in this picture as a whole, is very great, aside from its historical value, for it shows Fantin-Latour's many-sided ability. For carefully thought out, well balanced, minutely studied as to details it carries to us the feeling of a spontaneous and freely painted picture, not emphasizing or laboriously striving for the pictorial. Note with what easy

mastery the faces of all are subtly expressive of their work and with what natural grace these artists turn to observe the canvas upon the easel and discuss its merits.

LEROUX—"*L'embouchure de la Loire.*"

Too spotty, too fussed, too slovenly. The story has been told too slowly and practically puts us to sleep.

BOULARD, EMILE (Fench)—"*Les Falaises a Sotteville.*"

Everything in this picture is attractive except its color. Had this been of a rose, instead of a yellow, the painting would possess a certain vibrant brilliancy in which it is lacking. It is a question here of lack of brilliancy, want of glare.

TANNER, HENRY O. (American).—"Resurrection de Lazare."

A serious painter of biblical subjects—refreshingly conscientious, of keen penetrating insight—he has found and interprets the loftier understanding of the Christian religion.



ENTREE DE BEGUINAGE A GAND
By Ferdinand Willaert (Belgian)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris



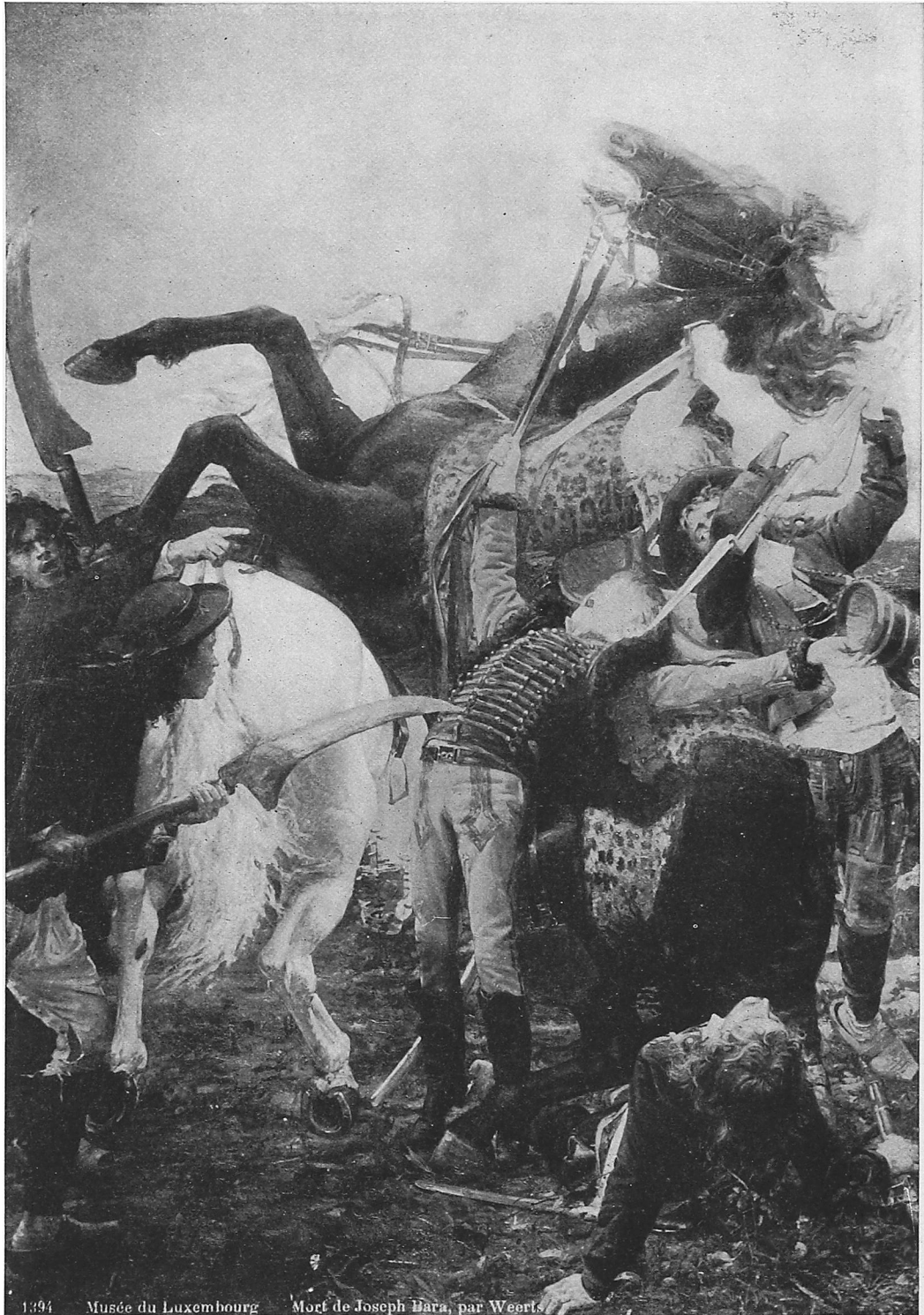
FETE DE GRANDMERE BENEDICTE
By John Henry Lorimer (Scotch)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris



LA PROMENADE
By Ludwig Knaus (German)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris



1394 Musée du Luxembourg Mort de Joseph Bara, par Weertz

MORT DE JOSEPH BARA
By Jean Joseph Weertz (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

His transfiguring touch of sympathy, pathos and devout emotion rendered with a singular fervor, brings all humanity into closer touch. His tonality is a little heavy, but powerful in execution and composition.

The memory of most modern religious pictures has a way of growing dim and quickly disappearing. Those of Tanner stay with one; they grip our heart-strings. It is the soul of the artists speaking through his creation that grips. If there is no soul there, if the figures are models well or badly placed, we feel it instantly. In Tanner's pictures we stand before men and women whose hearts are filled to overflowing with the unselfish love of true religion, be it Christian or Buddhist. His vision is a very personal one; it shows he has penetrated the spirit of the people of biblical times and that through them he has obtained the insight which, more than any other quality, distinguishes his work from that of other painters of similar subjects. Local color and outward impressions after all

are easily acquired by the painter who seeks them, but they are few indeed who have understood the grandeur, the simplicity, in these, the friends and enemies of our Lord.

Take your Bible and turn to the Gospel of St. John and read the story of Lazarus. It is told so simply, so beautifully that I wish I might repeat it all here.

"Jesus, therefore, again groaning in himself, cometh to the grave. It was a cave, and a stone lay upon it.

"Jesus said, take ye away the stone.

"Martha, the sister of him that was dead, saith unto him, Lord, by this time he stinketh; for he hath been dead four days.

"Jesus saith unto her, said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God?"

"Then they took away the stone from the place where the dead was laid. And Jesus lifted up his eyes and said, Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me.

"And I knew that thou hearest me always,



"RESURRECTION DE LAZARE"
By Henry O. Tanner, (American)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

and because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me.

"And when he had thus spoken, he cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth.

"And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes, and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, loose him, and let him go.

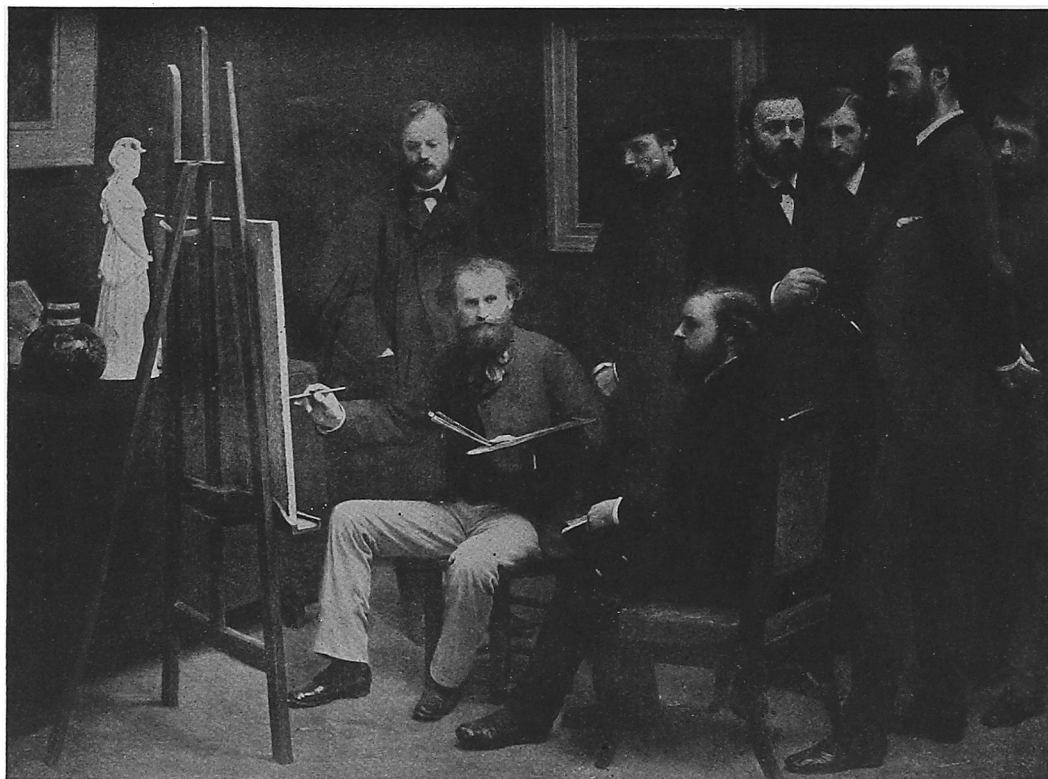
"Then many of the Jews which came to Mary and had seen the things which Jesus did, believed on him.

"But some of them went their ways to the Pharisees and told them what things Jesus had done."

The moment chosen is after the grave clothes have been loosened from the upper part of the body, leaving the legs bound.

Tanner's mode of conception and presentation is personal; he has sacrificed brilliancy of color to the more complete attainment of the poverty and primitive simplicity of the time. The strong and noble figure of Christ

with all the Christ-like dignity, is restful in its assurance of strength and power, and yet has the pitiful gaze of Him who sorrows in their unbelief. The souls of all are stirred to their innermost hidden recesses; the solemn note of wonder is in their eyes and their attitude of mystery and hushed quietude baffles description. The delineation of the other characters is altogether lower and less august. Here we have a keen penetrating look less emotional than another; the mute grief of Mary is very real and full of pathos; the half-threatening look of the Jew in the background with the air of an intruder who comes to interrogate, is boldly rendered. As the painter of the humblest, the most down-trodden, Tanner is superb. His message is a message of hope: "Jesus said unto her (Martha), I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."



UN ATELIER AUX BATIGNOLLES
By Henri Fantin-Latour (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

Reading from left to right (upper row): Scholderer-Renoir-Zola-Matire-Bazille-Monet;
(lower row): Manet-Artruc